A British Beauty.----A Black Prince.

Two Extremely Interesting English Cousins Coming Over This Week to Look at Us and Be Entertained.

MISS MURIEL WILSON

THE PRINCE AS A CRICKET PLAYER

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI

Miss Muriel Wilson, the Reigning Beauty of Fashionable London Society.

TWO remarkably interesting visitors are coming to the United States.

They are both British, and they both belong to the most aristocratic society of England, and yet there could not be a greater contrast than that which exists between them.

One is a black prince and the other is a beautiful girl of the purest English type, the most famous young society belle of the day in London.

The man is Prince Ranjitsinhji, who is coming over here primarily to play cricket and also to have a good time in American society.

The beauty is Miss Muriel Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, who have become famous as members of the Prince of Wales's set in English society. She is coming to New York this week, and will receive a vast amount of attention from the world of fashion, for she is one who has breathed the same atmosphere as the Prince of Wales and wears the halo of his friendship.

From the point of view of novelty Prince Ranjitsinhji is perhaps the more interesting of the two visitors. He is most distinctly a colored man, and yet he will undoubtedly be welcomed by the best American society, and especially by American girls, with whom he has already demonstrated his powers of fascination.

Time was, no doubt, when American society would have held the Prince at arm's length as a person of color, but our upper circles have now outgrown such provincialism. Oriental potentates travelling in this country have indeed often had disagreeable experiences because they were confused with negroes, and only this Summer "a nobleman of India" might have been seen compelled to eat apart from the white guests at a small country hotel.

As a matter of fact, Prince Ranjitsinhji is no more of an African than President McKinley. He belongs to one of the most ancient branches of the great Aryan race, from which all Europeans and Americans are descended. For all that, the Prince is very deeply colored, more so than many an humble Afro-American. In England his color is far from being used as a reproach against him, and he is sometimes spoken of by his warmest admirers as "the Black Prince," although a more common appellation is just "Ranji."

The Prince is the best cricketer in England, splendidly built, little and graceful as a cat, a Cambridge man, highly cultivated, very polite and pleasing in conversation.

There is a more picturesque side to him. He is a son of the late Jam of Navanagar. The Jam is a monarch in India. There are many kings and emperors in the world, but there is only one Jam. But for untoward circumstances Prince Ranjitsinhji might now be the Jam himself, and, indeed, he has never given up hope of obtaining the title. Any American girl who may marry him may therefore entertain the ambition of becoming the Jama, or Jamess, and may be of considerable service to her husband in his struggle for his rights.

Prince Ranjitsinhji was an adopted son of the Jam of Navanagar and was proclaimed by him as his legal heir and successor, unless a son should be borne to him by one of his legitimate wives. This proclamation was witnessed by the Jam's own Ministers and by the British political officer at his court. The Jam never had any children by his legal wives, and yet, in spite of this, just before he died he revoked his former proclamation, named the son of one of his odalisques as his successor, and set aside poor Ranjitsinhji.

It was expected that the British Government would enforce Prince Ranjitsinhji's rights, but they did not do so. The Prince, however, is assured a handsome income by the Government, and there are several members of Parliament who have urged his succession to the throne of the Jam.

The Prince was born on September 10, 1872, and is therefore only twenty-seven years old. As a child he went to Rajkumar College, in India, an institution conducted on English lines, and there learned to play a little cricket. When he was seventeen years old he went to England and entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He became a first-class cricketer in a very short time, and in his last year played on the 'varsity eleven.

It was after leaving Cambridge that he leaped to glory. One year the Australian cricketers showed an overwhelming superiority to the English. The best amateurs of England were being put out like children by the Australian bowlers, when Ranjitsinhji went to the bat and made hash of the Colonials. If there had been one English player strong enough merely to stay with him he would have won the match by his own scoring alone.

In 1896 Ranjitsinhji became the champion batsman of England, superseding the famous Dr. W. G. Grace. The Hindu made 2,780 runs in forty-eight innings in one season. Amos Rusie at the height of his glory never enjoyed a shadow of the popularity of Prince Ranjitsinhji in England. The American pitcher was only the favorite of a class, while the Anglo-Indian cricketer was adored by the whole nation.

The newspapers declared that Ranjitsinhji had done more to make the British public look upon their Hindu fellow citizens as men and brothers than all the statesmen who ever lived. He made a triumphal tour of the empire with a cricket team.

On September 20 the Prince will arrive in New York. His first games will be with the cricketers of Philadelphia, who have arranged for his visit. On October 3 and 4 he will play on Staten Island and show himself to his friends in New York.

It is confidently predicted that Prince Ranjitsinhji will make himself more popular in American society than any foreign prince or nobleman who has come here this year. Several of those who have visited Newport are sorely burdened by their pasts. The Prince is a very manly fellow, with the cleanest record.

A report is current that the Prince was very much smitten with a beautiful Philadelphia girl, whom he met in India last year, and that he presented her with the claw, set in gold, of a tiger killed by himself. If this is true it will only add to the interest felt in his visit to these shores.

The offier visitor whose prospective arrival divides attention with that of Prince Ranjitsinhji is Miss Muriel Wilson.

She is coming to New York on the Majestic, accompanied by a party which includes her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, and several other persons.

Miss Wilson is a majestic, Juno-like beauty. She has magnificent tresses of waving, dark hair, large, dark eyes, and full, red lips. Her coloring is rich and warm. Her features are fine and regular and have a decidedly haughty expression.

The Wilsons belong to that set of British society which most excites the envy and admiration of those Americans whose aspirations turn to the other side of the water. It is the Prince of Wales's or the Marlborough House set. The Wilsons have no family from an aristocratic point of view, but they have barrels of money, which they spend lavishly, and introduce plenty of life, originality and fun into their social entertainments. The Prince of Wales prefers people of this kind to dull, old dukes of the most ancient lineage.

The parents of Miss Muriel Wilson are known as the Wilsons of Tranby Croft, or sometimes by rude people as the Wilsons of the baccarat scandal. They derive their wealth from an immense line of steamships, which run from Hull, in England, to all parts of the world. It is said that the father of Arthur Wilson was originally a dock laborer. At any rate, he was a poor man, of great intelligence and force of character.

Tranby Croft, the seat of Arthur Wilson, is a magnificent country house in Yorkshire. All sorts of high jinks have taken place there. Nine years ago the Prince of Wales attended a house party there which promised to be exceedingly pleasant, but which ended in a scandal that has caused him more trouble than any episode of his later life.

The Princess of Wales would not join the party, because the Countess of Warwick was to be there. This fact did not worry the Prince. Several of his favorite companions of both sexes were in the party. Every evening they had a delightful little game of baccarat, at which the stakes ran up into thousands of dollars. Among the guests was Sir William Gordon-Cumming, an officer of the Scots Guards, whose income was known to be insufficient to stand the strain of gambling at such a pace.

He was accused of cheating at cards, Mrs. Lycett Green, a daughter of Arthur Wilson, first making the suggestion that he was doing so. A committee of the older men present, with the Prince of Wales at its head, was formed, and after inquiring into the facts, they decided that Gordon-Cumming was guilty of cheating, and compelled him to sign a paper that he would never play at cards again.

Soon afterward some of those who were at the party began to talk about the affair, and in self-preservation Sir William Gordon-Cumming was compelled to bring a libel action against them. The Prince himself was put on the witness stand, and so were the Wilsons and the rest of the party. The jury found that Sir William had not been libelled, which was equivalent to saying that he had cheated at cards. As a matter of fact his guilt was by no means clearly proved, for the jury accepted the fact that the Prince and his fellow guests found him guilty, and did not probe deeply beneath that. Among the many who believed Sir William innocent was Miss Florence Garner, a handsome New York girl, who married him immediately after the trial.

Miss Muriel Wilson, who was extremely young at the time, was one of the house party at Tranby Croft when the scandal occurred. This fact is more important than it may at first sight appear, for one of the many grounds on which the Prince was censured was that he had played cards for outrageously high stakes with very young men and girls.

Ever since then the Wilsons have been held up as shocking examples of the sort of people the Prince has brought into fashionable society. In spite of this they have continued to flourish like the green bay tree. Two widely removed classes of English people have pitched into the Wilsons. The old-fashioned Tories say how deplorable it is to see the Prince, who should be the backbone of the aristocracy, neglecting the ancient nobility of England for parvenus, who have nothing to recommend them but wealth and a willingness to do any earthly thing to amuse him. On the other hand, the Puritanical hold up the Wilsons as typical of fashionable society, which passes life in eating, drinking, gambling and reckless gayety, while the poor man starves and revolution threatens.

The great social success of the Wilsons is partly due to the fact that there are so many handsome girls in the family. Both Arthur Wilson and his brother Charles Henry have broods of beautiful daughters. Miss Enid Wilson, daughter of the latter, was lately pronounced the most beautiful girl in England. Her sister, Miss Joan Wilson, is also handsome, and attracted attention recently by jilting the wayward young Duke of Manchester.

Miss Muriel Wilson has a great variety of accomplishments. She is witty and amusing in the drawing room, and skilled in outdoor sports. She has taken the place in London society once occupied by Margot Tennant, who married Mr. Asquith, but is more popular. She is the best amateur actress in England, and played in the Duchess of Devonshire's theatricals at Chatsworth. She dresses superbly, and with much originality. She speaks French like a native.

She rides splendidly, and hunts regularly with the Holderness Hounds, of which her father is master. She is also an accomplished dog fancier.

At one time an engagement was almost arranged between her and the young Duke of Marlborough, but Papa Wilson could not spare enough money from his task of amusing the Prince to satisfy the ducal needs. Later she was engaged to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, son of the Earl of Ancaster, but she broke that off.

It will therefore be seen that Miss Wilson has a sentimental history that increases her claims to the attention of American society.

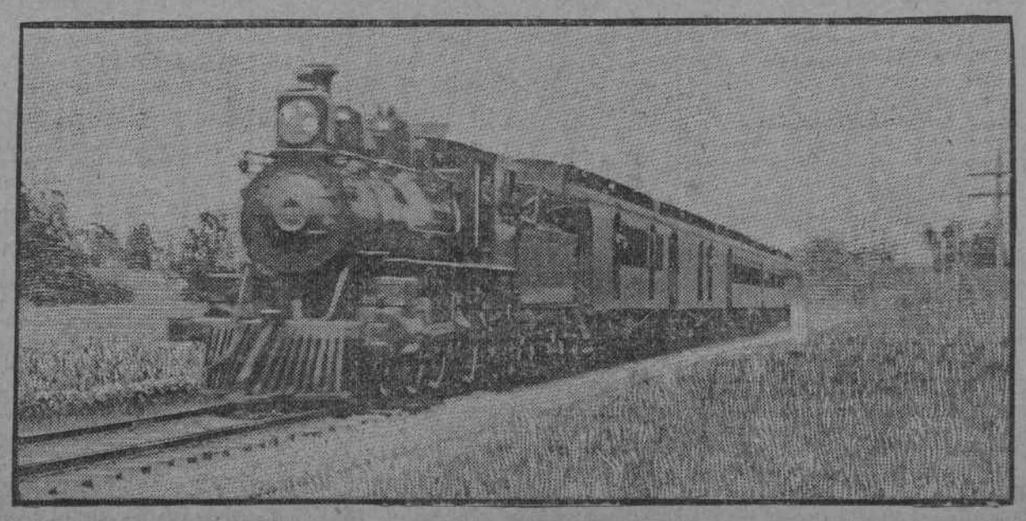
Prince Ranjitsinhji---What Will the "400" Do About This Black Nobleman?

A SMOKELESS LOCOMOTIVE---REALLY A VERY IMPORTANT INVENTION.

THE Queen and Crescent road of Ohio announces that it has a locomotive which makes no smoke. If, at last, the great problem of smoke, soot, dirt and cinders has been solved it is really a tremendous triumph. It is hard to conceive of an engine which breaths no smoke. It is harder even to believe that the day is approaching when railroad travel no longer means soiled clothes, black faces and grimy hands.

John Phoenix, many years ago, declared that the great need of the age was the invention of a baby "that would consume its own crying." And the public has come to believe that the smoke-consuming locomotive was about as incredible as Phoenix's suggestion. But the Queen & Crescent road is serious in its claims and the following is the report of the first test of the new engine made last week:

The start was made from the Central Union station on train No. 1—the Cincinnati, Florida & Havana limited, the locomotive being in charge of Engineer Glenn and Fireman Griffin. Just ahead of us was a train of another road, from the locomotive of which belched forth huge volumes of black smoke. Our engine occasionally showed a bit of haze over the stack—not enough to be noticeable at a distance of 100 feet. Out over the Cincinnati Southern bridge we went, through Ludlow and up the grade to Erlanger, no more smoke issuing from the stack on this grade, which at places ascends 75 feet to the mile, than was in evidence—or rather, not in evidence—when the train was running on the level. In the run of more than twenty miles that we made into Kentucky on this trip the locomotive put forth smoke only on one occasion, and that was when the superintendent ordered the fireman to fire in the old way to show the difference between the method practised by all the firemen of this road and the method generally employed.



AN ENGINE THAT CONSUMES ITS OWN SMOKE AND SOOT.

There are two factors in this smokeless firing of the locomotives. The first is the construction of the fire box and the second is the rule laid down for the fireman to follow in firing the locomotive. The construction of the fire box is an idea of Mr. Felton, the receiver of the road, and was built under the supervision of Superintendent Murphy and Superintendent McCuen. It consists of special hollow fire brick arches and deflecting air tubes, the latter being located in the sides of the fire boxes and so constructed as to deflect the air admitted through them to a point above the fire where it mingles with the gases thrown off by the coal, the gases thus becoming part of the fuel by being consumed, leaving no smoke. Under no circumstances is more than one shovelful of coal put into the fire box at one time, and after each firing the door is not entirely closed, but is left on the first notch of the catch, which arrangement permits air to enter and mix with the gases at a time when an extra amount is usually required.

In order to obtain the best results possible in the prosecution of their efforts to maintain a strictly smokeless line of trains the company provides all its officials with "smoke cards," on which reports are sent in to the superintendent of the time and place at which smoke was seen issuing from the stack of a locomotive. A record is kept of these reports and the promotion of the firemen is governed thereby. Ordinary soft coal is used in firing on these engines, making the result of the invention all the more remarkable.